

TICK-TOCK LULLABY.
There's a little tired shoe and a little mused
from,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And there on the floor lies a little limp sock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
They are glad, I am sure, after going all day,
To rest from the labor and pleasure of play,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.
How quietly sleep comes—count the clock!
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
Comes in at the door with never a knock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
With no one to greet him, welcome guest!
He enters and gives his dear ones rest,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.
Perhaps he is near us while we rock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And soon will disclose his wonderful stock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
In exchange for thy store of weariness,
His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.
—William S. Lord.

MYSTERY OF POST NO. 3.

THE moon was shining brightly, illuminating the sandy plain around the fort as only the moon in Arizona can illuminate. The officers, soldiers and their families were peacefully sleeping. Not a sound was heard except the occasional cry of a coyote.

Three o'clock struck and the sentinel on post No. 1 started the call:
"No. 1, three o'clock, and all's well."
A slight pause and No. 2 responded:
"No. 2, three o'clock, and all's well."
Then came a long pause.

The sergeant of the guard stepped out of the guardroom and listened.
The sentinel on No. 3 must be asleep," he remarked. "Bad business for a sentinel guarding the corral."
Turning to No. 1 he commanded:
"Start the call again."

No. 1 obeyed. No. 2 took it up. But there again it ended. The sergeant turned out a patrol and marched to the corral.

As he approached the sentinel's post in the moonlight he saw the figure of No. 3 stretched out on the ground. The position did not look like that of a sleeping man.
"Double time!" commanded the sergeant.
The patrol came down the post

"Take the post if it falls to your lot, but don't volunteer," they pleaded. It was no use. The young man had a theory, and if he proved it and discovered the assassin he knew that he would get his coveted commission.

He was excused from all duties during the day, and after nightfall assumed charge of the dreaded post No. 3. Three nights passed without any event. The moon, though on the wane, was still bright enough to allow Rogers to see any moving object on the plain.

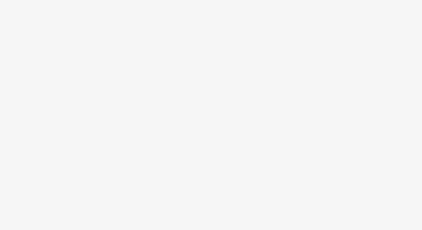
Seated on the ground, his back against the corral, his rifle on his knees, he was apparently asleep. Apparently only, for his sharp eyes keenly watched every point of the plain. He knew that he had a tricky, shrewd, but at the same time bold, enemy in that wily Apache. He felt sure that the Indian, especially in the second case, had not crept upon his victim unobserved. He must have employed some disguise which had completely deceived the sentinel. What was this disguise?

"That Apache would be more apt to betray himself if he thought me asleep than he would if he saw I was watching him," was his sound argument. Through the long hours of the night he sat motionless. It was two o'clock when suddenly he caught sight of a moving object on the plain some distance away. Noiselessly he cocked his rifle. He was a dead shot, and was to that object when he fired. Nearer and nearer it came while he sat as if asleep.

"Why, it is Corporal!" he suddenly exclaimed. Corporal was a fine, large Newfoundland dog, a pet of the garrison, which had mysteriously disappeared from the post two weeks before and which everyone supposed to have been stolen.

Rogers' first impulse was to call the dog, when he remembered his resolution—"shoot any moving object that comes within range." He therefore restrained his impulse, and no one would have guessed that the apparently sleeping sentinel was closely watching every movement as the dog approached.

It was a lucky idea of Rogers' to feign sleep, for as the dog came nearer he thought he noticed something



PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
—"Say, is there a fellow with a wooden leg by the name of Smith living here?" "What's the name of his other leg?"—Life.
—Young Sculptor—"Well, Bronson, what do you think of that bust?" Bronson—"It's—it may be a good bust—but, really, Chizzie, it strikes me as a bad break."—Harper's Bazar.

—There is an old saying about having an ambition early in life, and sticking to it. If we all did that we would all be bareback riders in a circus.—Acheson Globe.
—Are you going to vote the straight ticket, dear? "The straight ticket? Do you mean to say that any of them are cut on the bias?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Palette—"This picture places the milkmaid on the wrong side, and besides it isn't a cow at all, but a bull." Jess—"What of it? all I wanted of you was to guess whether it was a sunrise or a sunset."—N. Y. World.

—All He Needs—How do you like the way I wear my hair now? asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some silk sewed around it, it would be a lovely sofa pillow."—Detroit Free Press.

—How She Moved Him—Miss Fitz—"I fear I shall have to complain of you for cruelty to animals." Stalato—"Pray, what do I do?" Miss Fitz—"Keep poor little Fido up so late."—Puck.

—A country stockkeeper in this state received lately this encouraging reply from an old lady whose bill had long remained unpaid: "Don't worry about my bill, Mr. —. I'll owe you forever before I'll cheat you out of it."—Boston Journal.

—The passage," said the publisher to the great author, "seems ambiguous to me. What do you mean by it?" "I don't know," replied the great author. "I left it there for the commentators to work over when I'm dead."—Washington Star.

—Once Upon a Time a Bicycle Accosted a Horse—"Get off the earth!" said the Bicycle. "I am going to supplant you entirely." The Horse smiled—"Say, may I be so bold as to say they can't make canned corned-beef out of you?"—Puck.

—A kind of eeloid inhabiting the Mediterranean is deposited as an egg, goes about to find a place to live, selects a home, takes root there, and after further development finally cuts loose from its moorings and remains a wanderer the rest of its life.
—The Obtuse Outlander—"You must be a fellow of a high order of intellect."

LITERARY GLEANINGS.
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON married a divorced woman, and the man who gave the lady away at the wedding had the honor to be her ex-husband.
WILLIAM MORRIS is about to publish a new prose romance by himself, called "Child Christopher." It will be printed in black and red in the Chancery type with ornamental borders.

Mrs. HENRY WATSON is said to be the best-paid novelist now living. Out of her three books that have been published in the last six years she has realized not less than \$200,000.

The title of Mrs. Darr's forthcoming novel is "From the Depths of Hell," and it sounds somewhat incongruous to hear that an artist has been sent to Skye for appropriate illustrations.

M. DE RODAYS, who, with the late Francis Magnard and M. Perrier, formed the triumvirate which took charge of the Figaro after Villermont's death, has been chosen editor-in-chief in Magnard's place, and Gaston Calmette is now managing editor.

FRENCH deputies are no better than other representatives. The library of the Palais Bourbon contains 150,000 volumes, but the historical and political are never opened, while there is a constant demand for the works of the elder Dumas, Flaubert, Daudet, Zola and even for Ponson du Terrail's long stories.

FARM FACTS.
A pound of poultry can be grown as cheaply as a pound of any other meat and always brings a better price. Why farmers do not eat more poultry and less pork is one of the unsolved problems.

The greater the quantity of seed potatoes planted, the greater the yield, says the Maryland station. A potato grower says it is also true that the larger the piece the larger and earlier the yield.

The proper mode of keeping rabbits from trees is to wrap a piece of screen wire around each tree. This will cost but a small sum per tree and will save a great deal of vexation and annoyance.

"Does he know anything about art?" "Not a thing. Why, he doesn't even know enough about it to lecture on it."—Washington Star.

The Nicaragua Canal.
The project of the Nicaragua Canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said the Panama Railroad cost a life for every idea of profit.

—Recently the assistant treasurer of the United States at New York City has traced into the post-office department the sum of \$1,300,000, which has been accumulating in the sub-treasury during the last thirty years from the funds paid to the money-order post offices for remittances which have never been claimed. Old money orders are presented at the post-office department almost every day, but the amount of the unpaid money-order fund increases constantly, and there is no likelihood that any part of the \$1,300,000 will be claimed by its owners. In fact, every year from \$50,000 to \$100,000 is added to the fund, which represents carelessness or neglect.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Father Time, who "reaps the hoarded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between," spares for a green and hale old age those who combat the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health preserver methodically.

Mrs. — "I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold." Bob—"Stout girl, I hope!"—Puck.

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"Er dar warn't some detect."

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COLLEGE TRUSTEE.—"Say, we are in bad luck. Only twenty-five new students coming in at the next term." Head of the College Faculty—"Never mind! I'll send the football team and two glee clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year."—Chicago Record.

Result of Extensive Improvements.
The Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis Consolidated Railroad, familiarly known as the "Air Line," has shortened the running time of its passenger trains between St. Louis and Louisville one hour and twenty minutes; but the many improvements recently made in the roadbed, bridges, tunnels, equipment, etc., will admit of a still faster schedule, which will be made effective as soon as necessities may require. The facilities this line now gives its traveling public make it the favorite line between St. Louis and Louisville. All trains depart from terminals later and arrive earlier than competitors. The patrons of the Air Line can not fail to appreciate the efforts of the management to furnish accommodations superior to any other line.

Between Evansville and Louisville, where no competition exists, this being the only through train service route, the time has been shortened one-half hour.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Fine's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.
WIFE—"There, now! This paper says that married men can live on less than single men." Husband—"But, my dear, all of us haven't wives who take in washing."—Dubuque Times.

Other remedies may
ST. JACOBS OIL
Will cure Sprains, Bruises, and a Backache

As the train drew up at a country station on the South Eastern railway, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and inhaling the fresh air enthusiastically observed to the guard: "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir; it's Caterham."—replied the guard.—Wander

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